



'Twas Not Her Easter Hat

By BELLE TRIMBLE MATTON.
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"Oh, mamma, you're not going to wear that hat, are you?" Mildred had tragedy in her voice.

"I am."

"What! Mother, dear," cried Dorothy, running in for glove thread, "that awful hat?"

"Exactly."

"On Easter Monday?" they chimed.

"Now, see here," said their mother, "whose hat is this?"

"Oh, it's not mine," said Mildred. "I'll not dispute ownership."

"Don't you want grammy to see your lovely new Easter hat with the flowers and the plumes?" coaxed Dorothy.

"I don't care to spoil the plumes, and it looks like rain. There's a dripping fog now."

"I think it'll clear," said Mildred hopefully as she plinned on a big plumed hat of her own—gray-blue, like her eyes.

"I can't see why you girls care so much about this hat today. In the first place, it's an all right hat; in the next place, it will be howlingly stylish for grammy's metropolitan; in the third place, we shall see no one we know except grammy, whose affection is not dependent on hats; in the fourth place," she added after a silent moment spent in adjusting her veil, "I'm going to wear it, so you may as well save your splutters."

In the ferryboat they found a seat for her, but had to stand themselves.

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"She looks precisely like the head of the biological department," responded Dorothy under cover of mournful sounds from the fog bell.

"Something's got to happen to it," returned Mildred with spirit. "But today? You can't think, Dot, how perfectly elegant it is. I don't 'elegant' is a rather cheap word, but I can't think of a single other one that will describe him. Oh, yes, I can't—thoroughbred, that's what he is."

"Well, of all elegant, thoroughbred ways to meet a girl's mother?"

"He just couldn't get away from his aunt a day sooner—you know the whole party up there was for him—and he said he just couldn't wait a day longer, so at last I told him we were going away, but if I happened to see him in the station I'd present him and now she has on that hat!"

"Humph!" said Dorothy. "You'd better spend a little time thinking what sort of an impression he'll make on the 'little mother.'"

"I've been lying awake nights over that," never fear," responded Mildred. "The boat thumped up into the slip, and they joined their mother in the push to the front."

They found themselves a few minutes early, and as they stood waiting for the gates to open a tall young man rushed by to Mildred and seized her hand enthusiastically.

"Mamma, this is Mr. Frank Shipley, Mrs. Mason's nephew, you know. I think I spoke of him after her house party."

The mind of Mildred's mother quickly reviewed all her daughter had said about this most eligible nephew of her own old friend.

"I think you did," she said as she gave him her hand. "Are you going to the country, too, for the Easter holidays?"

"I'm running down to Salem—a bit of business."

"Oh, you're taking our train, then?" "Am I? How lovely?"

The gates opened, and he possessed himself of a wrap and an umbrella, she was carrying, helped them all on, located her, found a seat for the girls and then dropped down beside Mrs. Bronson. A few seats behind her daughters. And if he watched every turn of Mildred's brown head it did not prevent devoted attention to her mother. He kept up a lively chatter until the rain had left Woodbury. She led him to talk of himself. She heard of his life in the west, of his college in the east, of his two years abroad, of his plans to go west once almost at shipley."

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Mrs. Bronson sighed.

"I've been awfully afraid to ask you. It's so much to ask for, and, besides, I've been afraid of you. My aunt told me you were quite imposing—tremendously stylish, and so on. You can't think how relieved I was when I saw you. I believe," he blundered on—"I believe it's your hat. You're an awfully—awfully homey looking person, you know."

A deeper color shone in Mrs. Bronson's face and a swift gleam lighted her youthful, clear brown eyes. She leaned forward and called softly, Mildred rose and came back to her.

"Send Dorothy here to me," said her mother, "and take your young man away. I'll have no such stalwart looking man say I look nothing to him. And he is making remarks about my hat. Maybe you can persuade him to go to Salem on other day and get off at the farms for dinner with us. But take him away, do."

The girls never knew how it happened that the Salvation Army so soon fell heir to the runaway hat, but after the wedding, as Frank and Mildred were speeding toward their new home in the west, Frank suddenly burst out, "No, sir, I don't see how I should ever have had the courage if it hadn't been for that hat!"

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Mrs. Johnson's Easter Opening

By KATHLEEN DOUGLAS.
[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

"THERE! Everything's ready at last. Land o' Goshen, these Easter openin's almost take my life! I'm as tired as a dog. Here comes ole Mis' Williams. She'll nose everything over, like as not, and then not buy anything—ole fool!"

"How do, Mis' Williams? Anything in particular I can show you today? Just want to look around a little? Do! Here's one of the latest models—the festive matron—very chic, ain't it? Would you like to try it on? Too big, do you think? Well, you know most of the hats this year are like automobile tires."

"Walk right in, Mis' Simpson. Tired? Set right down on that top. Here, Johnny, take this stool, and Lotty can hev this hassock. Hope she won't get everything stuck up with that candy. Johnny came near bin' drowned last month—took an hour to rusticate him. Land sakes alive! Well, I've always said children was a sartin' care, but an unsearlin' blessin'. You want somethin' plain and dark? How do you like this? No; that ain't a cat with a fuchsia in its mouth; it's an owl with a rosebud."

"Good afternoon, Mis' Goodrich. Yes, a beautiful day. How well you're lookin'! My, but you're renewed your age this spring! There's nothin' like workin' in the garden. Sally Tucker married! You don't say! Well, I am surprised. She was an awful hand for the boys, but I tell you when a girl gets on two stools she usually ends by settin' on the floor. Who'd she marry? That art-ist feller? Land, he didn't know enough to come in when it rained, but he did paint beautiful hens, though I never did care much for hens, they're such awful fools, and you know the Bible says we mustn't have nothin' to do with 'em. I never thought he'd marry, neither; he was so awful in love with himself it must 'a' seemed most like perpetrating a blamy. Well, a man doesn't come off fool's mill till he's twenty-five or so, and then sometimes he has to be knocked off. Did you know that Ebenezer Cook had married again? They say he and his wife used to quarrel somethin' terrible. One day he riz up and said, 'We'll divide the house.' 'All right,' says she; 'we will. You can hev the outside, and I'll take the inside.'"

"That hat looks awful handsome on you, Mis' Allen. I thought of you when I saw the model in Noo York. Ain't that rooster's tail beautiful? So lifelike! And the cherries at the back is fair temptin'. You want to wear it home? Certainly. Charge it? Oh, very well! Goodbye."

"My, I'd hate to be married to her husband. He's so stingy he'd speak in a whisper if it would save his voice. But religious! They say whenever an evangelist comes to town ole Allen wears out the knees of his pants gettin' religion; but, puckerwoozle, I guess he wears out the seats of 'em backside' before the year's out. He come in here one night and set down and begun groanin' like, 'You know he wears his hair way down on to his shoulders. What's his idee in havin' it long that way, I wonder? Perhaps he thinks what'll keep the cold out will keep the heat in, but if I was his wife I'd take a pair of shears and cut it all some night. Well, he kept on groanin', and sez I, 'What's the matter?' 'I don't know,' sez he, 'seems like his head on his two hands.' 'I feel awful bad. Sometimes I think it's religion,' sez he. 'I think it's worms.' 'Better take a big dose of thoroughwort when you get home, sez I, 'and find out if I ain't got no patience with a man like that. He's the kind Amandy Tompkins says hab'n't got no redeemin' vein. Goin', Mis' Williams? Looks a little like rain, but it's clear overhead. What say? You ain't goin' that way? He-he! Goodbye. My, but she's awful funny! Did you ever hear how she come over the border from Cnerry with an alarm clock tied up in her bustle? Just as the custom house officer come along the alarm went off to beat the band."

Postage Stamps.

Who invented the postage stamp? A writer in Chambers' Journal points out that the inventor of the adhesive postage stamp was undoubtedly Rowland Hill. In 1837 he proposed the use of a bit of paper just large enough to bear the stamp and covered at the back with a glutinous wash, which the bringer might, by the application of a little moisture, attach to the back of the letter."

"Call Me Early."

If you're waking call me early; call me early, mother dear.

For tomorrow will be Easter—let us hope it may be clear.

And you know how long it takes me when I want to leave my bed.

Ere I finish my complexion and can get completely dressed.

There are many jealous women who will stare when I come, I guess.

So, if you're waking, call me—call me early, mother dear.

My hat cost fourteen dollars, marked